

work was not only good in itself, but it was good from the standpoint of those who wish well to the Catholic Church, as I do, for it tended to introduce a spirit of rivalry in service, for rivalry in good conduct, which in the long run is as advantageous to the church as to the people, but which of course is peculiarly abhorrent to the narrow and intolerant priestly reactionaries, who, whenever and wherever they have the upper hand in the church, make it the baleful enemy of mankind. There was, however, one Methodist in town, taking charge of a congregation, who was of an utterly different type. I have no doubt that he had a certain amount of sincerity, and a great deal of energy, and there were places where I suppose he could have done good. But he was a crude, vulgar, tactless creature, cursed with the thirst of self-advertisement, and utterly unable to distinguish between notoriety and fame. He found that he could attract attention best by frantic denunciations of the Pope, and so he preached sermons in which he pleasantly alluded to the Pope as "the whore of Babylon/" and even indulged in attacks on the other Protestant bodies in Borne, denouncing the Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches, and assailing the Young Men's Christian Association because it was under the Waldensian leadership—which particularly roused my ire, as I think every Protestant should have a peculiar feeling for this ancient Italian church, the church of whose wrongs Milton thundered like a Hebrew prophet.

The Pope would have been entirely right to refuse to see me if I identified myself with this man; but he had no right whatever to expect that I would be willing to see him if he made it a condition that I should not see the other entirely reputable Methodists, who were conducting their work in an entirely reputable way. He had, however, followed this line of action in dealing with ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, when the latter was in Borne, with the result of immensely exciting the entire Methodist body in the United States, and of benefiting the Koman Methodists. They were now wish-ful to see whether or not I would myself be afraid to visit